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Account of Margaret Pearse
1807

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No. 19.

SOME

A C C O U N T

OF THE LORD'S DEALINGS WITH

MARGARET PEARSE,

WHO DIED AT CAMELFORD, AUGUST 19, 1805,

In the 17th. Year of her Age.

WRITTEN BY HER FATHER.

“ Smitten Friends
Are Angels sent on Errands full of love :
For us they languish, and for us they die.
And shall they languish, shall they die in vain ?”

YOUNG.

L O N D O N :

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near Finsbury Square.*

1807.

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TO THE READER.

The Subject of this Narrative, thus exposed to the Public eye, was a child of many mercies. Those mercies are considered as bestowed in answer to prayer. Hence, a tribute of praise is due to Him, who, without respect of persons, is rich in mercy to all who call upon him. Should this mite of gratitude meet his gracious acceptance—Should any of the rising generation be hereby excited to assume the yoke of Christ in their youth—Or should any who sustain the relation of parents, be encouraged to train up their children in the way they should go—The design of its publication will be answered.

Wes. 1037

ACCOUNT, &c.

MARGARET Pearse was born at Camelford, Dec. 11th, 1788. From about nine years of age, she had convictions. When about that age, one evening as she was going to bed, she felt greatly alarmed by a fear that if she went to sleep, she should awake in Hell; being much distressed, she requested her mother to call me, that I might pray with her, and felt her heart much engaged in prayer. As she grew older, these convictions wore off, and she often felt disgusted and uneasy through the restraints laid on her; being obliged to hear and read the Scriptures, to learn the first principles of Christianity, and to refrain from doing her own pleasure on the Lord's Day. She felt an undue attachment to dress; and when reproved for her conformity to the world, often expressed a sorrow, which appeared more the effect of resentment, than an evidence of true contrition. When about thirteen she caught a cold, and the Faculty advising a change of air, she was sent to Launceston, and went to school. Having a retentive memory, she was frequently praised for her attainments; this filled her with pride, and she returned with views far above her station. Continuing weak, we sent her to Tintagel: but alas! the disease had taken such a root, as to counteract all the powers of medicine, air, and exercise. Here she occasionally heard preaching; and her convictions returned. Once in particular, having had a narrow escape from being drowned, a person said to her, "There is no doubt had you been taken off, but you would have been a happy spirit;" but she was fully persuaded it would have been otherwise, and was grateful for the deliverance. Her aversion however to the restraints of religion still continued, and she resolved, if she recovered, to throw them off; but the Lord, who hath wise ends in all his dis-

pensations, had determined otherwise. This led her afterwards to say, "Blessed be the name of the Lord, he led me by a way which I knew not." Her complaint proved a consumption of the lungs; and about this time, an intimate acquaintance of hers, who was nearly of her own age, died of the same disorder. This event, the Lord was pleased to sanctify, by shewing her the danger of dying in an unconverted state. The fear of death, and the dread of Hell, led her to cry for mercy. She said to her mother, "I used to dread the thought of father's speaking to me, now I wish him to talk with me." I advised her to read her Bible, and be much in prayer. She took the advice, read her Bible on her knees, and prayed frequently. I advised her particularly to read the Gospels, where she would see the life and sayings of Jesus Christ, and learn, that he rejected none who came to him. She was frequently tempted to doubt the Divinity of Christ. This was in some measure removed by a conversation with Mr. Maby, who observed, "It was Christ's human nature that suffered;" and I believe was entirely removed by reading the Scriptures daily with prayer. Sometimes she was tempted to disbelieve the being of a God. At other times she thought that the work of Grace was not begun in her soul. She therefore read the most alarming chapters, that she might feel a more deep conviction of her lost state; and that being convicted in her own mind as a transgressor of God's Law, she might more clearly see the necessity of a better righteousness than her own, and more highly prize the salvation procured by our Lord Jesus Christ. These verses frequently crossed her mind, with considerable effect:

"And am I born to die, to lay this body down?"

And must my trembling spirit fly, into a world unknown?

A land of deepest shade, unpierced by human thought,

The dreary regions of the dead, where all things are forgot.

Who can resolve the doubt, that tears my anxious breast?
Shall I be with the damn'd cast out, or number'd with
the blest?"

She was also deeply impressed with the thoughts, that publicans and harlots would enter into the kingdom before her: this led her to express herself in the following language:

" Ah! whither shall I go? burden'd, and sick, and faint,
To whom should I my trouble shew, and pour out my
complaint?

My Saviour bids me come; ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home; and yet from him I stay."

About this time, she was much depressed by the suggestion of unbelieving thoughts; from which she was delivered in conversing with a friend, who advised her to " Lay them aside, and simply look to Jesus." She then expressed a wish, that several of us might pray with her in the evenings; saying to her mother, " We don't know what a blessing it may be to me and others." It pleased God to hear prayer, and her desire of salvation increased. One evening I sat with her in the chamber, and observed it was by simple faith we must be justified: Abel, Enoch, Noah, and all the Old Testament saints, came as sinners, believing the promises, and were justified by faith in Christ Jesus—That the Lord waited to be gracious; was nigh to all that call upon him; and never said to any " Seek ye my face in vain." That we must come in our own proper character, *sinners*; and Jesus would receive us. She said " I believe God will bring me to Heaven." On her birth-day, Dec. 11th. 1804, she wrote on her pocket-book, " If it shall please the Lord to spare me to see another year, I have a small desire to live to his glory: may the Lord increase it. I have this

day been reading Miss Gilbert's Journal: O! may I live her life, then I shall die her death. I have this day met with a singular providence, in being preserved from falling from a horse.: O Lord! may I have a thankful heart for all thy mercies towards me." The next day she wrote thus:

"See a stone that hangs in air, see a spark in ocean dwell!
Kept alive with death so near, I am, I am out of hell."

"Oh! that I could feel this mercy, and be thankful for it. O! how have we turn'd away from our best Friend. Blessed Jesus! be pleased to teach me, and great shall be my peace." Many other observations she recorded with a view to the benefit of her own mind, some of which were,

Jan. 1st. 1805. "This morning I found my heart raised in thankfulness to God, for his mercy in sparing me to see another year, while thousands more likely to see this time, than I was, have been taken off." 4th. "I find my mind has been in a very changeable state; though at times it has been more than usually drawn out after Jesus, and in desires to know my sins forgiven, yet at other times, the devil has such power over me, that I have scarcely one good desire. O! what a mercy it is to have one desire. Be pleased, O Lord! to give me a heart capable of thanking thee for thy continued mercies towards me. Amen."

Jan. 13th. "I felt my heart much drawn out in prayer this evening, and was enabled to weep afterwards in private, on considering the love of God towards me who had been continually sinning against him. I also found liberty in speaking to my mother, brothers and cousins, and advising them to seek the Lord while he may be found, to call upon him while he is near. O! may the Lord enable me by his grace, to be more determined than I have ever yet been; and

not to rest short of a saving interest in Christ." About this time the following lines proved highly consolatory to her, and she adopted them as the language of her heart:

"Hence from my soul, my sins depart,
Your fatal friendship now I see,
Long have you dwelt too near my heart,
Hence, to eternal distance flee.
Ye gave my dying Lord his wound,
Yet I caress'd your vip'rous brood,
And in my heart-strings lapp'd you round,
You, the vile murderers of my God.
Black heavy thoughts, like mountains, roll
O'er my poor breast, with boding fears;
And crushing hard my tortur'd soul,
Wring through my eyes the briny tears.
Forgive my treasons, Prince of Grace,
The bloody Jews were traitors too,
Yet thou hast pray'd for that curst race,
"Father, they know not what they do."
Great Advocate, look down and see
A wretch, whose smarting sorrows bleed;
O plead the same excuse for me!
For, Lord, I knew not what I did.
Peace my complaints; let every groan
Be still, and silence waits his love;
Compassions dwell amidst his throne,
And through his inmost bowels move."

Thus she encouraged herself in the Lord, and laying hold on Christ as an all-sufficient and a suitable Redeemer, the pangs of remorse gradually gave place to the joys of remission. Jan. 17th. being the Lord's day, she observed to me "I awoke this morning about three o'clock. Before I was quite awake, this verse was brought to my mind:

"Faith changes almost into sight, when from afar she spies
The fair inheritance in light, above created skies."

“ How true is it that God hears and answers prayer. I prayed last night that if I lived to see another sabbath, my mind might be stayed on God. I prayed in the name of Jesus; and believed he would answer my prayer. He hath answered it. I shall be kept this day from doing my own pleasure, speaking my own words, and thinking my own thoughts. I find Jesus is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. The most affectionate brother would get tired of sitting by me, he would leave me to take care of his own body, and, with all his care, could do but little for me; but Jesus is never tired, never weary. What could I do without him. How present! How precious! I love my father and my mother; but O! my love to Jesus far exceeds. I felt yesterday the risings of pride. I still find a warfare. I am still in the body. I am a pilgrim; and shall be here but a little time. In the night I was thirsty, and on receiving an orange, I thought how good is this to my parched lips; but how much more precious is Christ, who supplies all my wants.”

She observed to me, “ You seem low. We must come as sinners pleading the atonement. God is reconciled to us; let us come and pray to a present God, expecting a present salvation.”

Going a little way into the country, on my return, she said, “ I have been praying for you. I am very weak. I find, as death comes near, the Lord sweetens it; and though Satan tempts, he cannot go further than he is permitted.”

To one of her brothers, she said, “ Let me entreat you to read your Bible. Let the words of a sister just going into the grave, have some weight with you.”

The Apostle’s advice, “ My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, neither faint when thou art rebuked of him,” she was enabled uniformly to practise. She saw the hand of God in all his allotments, and glorified him in the midst of the fire. In what light she beheld her affliction, the following expressions, which drop-

ped from her this day, plainly shew: "Many times when lying in bed, and the cough came on, I have been ready to think for a moment, how hard! Then I have thought, precious cough! more precious than gold, yea, than much fine gold. What can gold do for me? But this leads me to God! Under the influence of these views, she would repeat these fine verses, in a manner truly affecting and edifying:

"Oft have I sat in secret sighs, to feel my flesh decay,
Then groan'd aloud with frighted eyes, to view the
tott'ring clay.

But I forbid my sorrows now, nor dares the flesh complain;
Diseases bring their profit too; the joy o'ercomes the pain.
My cheerful soul, now all the day, sits waiting here and sings;
Looks through the ruins of her clay, and practises her wings.
Had but the prison-walls been strong, and firm without a flaw,
In darkness she had dwelt too long, and less of glory saw.
But now the everlasting hills through every chink appear,
And something of the joy she feels, while she's a pris'ner here.
The shines of Heav'n rush sweetly in, at all the gaping flaws;
Visions of endless bliss are seen; and native air she draws."

Being with her one evening she observed, "there is one thing that gives me great satisfaction. I have some books, Law's Serious Call, a Hymn-book, a Christian's Pattern, a Bible the most precious of all, and others. The writing my name on these books, and giving one to each of those girls who have been to see me, may have some weight on their minds, when they take it into their hands and consider, Peggy Pearse is in eternity." Finding that she wished for more books to dispose of in a similar way, I told her she might dispose of as many books as she pleased; observing, I wished to make her passage to Heaven as pleasant as possible. She smiled, and thanked me. Sitting by her side, she said to me, "It is an excellent method for Christians to pray before they go to sleep, that they may

awake with their hearts affected with a sense of God's mercies. I awoke this morning before two o'clock, thinking what a mercy it was to have refreshing sleep; and other mercies were brought to my remembrance." During her illness she frequently made remarks much to the same purpose, particularly on our first visiting her in the morning. Thus she proved by experience that it is a good, a pleasant, and a profitable thing, to give thanks unto the Lord; to shew forth his loving-kindness in the morning, and his faithfulness every night. Nor was her gratitude for comforts more exemplary, than her resignation under sufferings. On her describing her great and still increasing weakness, I observed, God does all things well. There will soon be an end of pain and sorrow. She added, "and of sin too. I have set my face towards death, and don't desire to look back. How many who have every thing this world can afford, would gladly exchange with me for what I felt last evening, in this frail and sickly shell." Looking on her hand, she said, "I shall not die; no not I, it is this clay. What a mercy! God is going to take the body, the worst part, to save the soul." She often talked of death with the composure of a person going a journey, saying, "I am a pilgrim; my stay here will be short." She daily expected me to be called to pray with her immediately after her breakfast. One morning on asking what was the present state of her mind, she replied, "My mind is stayed on God. I have been recollecting his mercies." She continued, "You look dejected, father. I would advise you, where you have prayed twice, to pray three times. And when you have prayed, think, what have I been praying for, and expect it will be done in the name of Jesus. This is the way I have done, father. Sit loose to the world. You have often said, you have ten children to provide for: I shall soon be provided for, for ever." She was frequently favoured with

manifestations of God's love to her soul, particularly once as she was walking in her chamber, and reflecting that her sins had proved the murderers of her Saviour. One day having dosed till about 2 in the afternoon, I said to her, on my going into her room, you have slept away your morning. She replied, "I have not been asleep, but enabled to rely on two scriptures for life and death. "They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever." And "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." Jan. 20th. On her brother's returning from Launceston, where he had been on business, she inquired for Mr. Martin, saying she should be glad to see him. When she was at Tintagel, she observed he used to call upon her, read hymns to her, and ask which was her favourite one. Among others which he then read, the following had been many times blessed to her during her confinement :

" God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his vast designs,
And works his sovereign will.
Ye fearful souls, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head,
Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his Grace :
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.
His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his work in vain;
 God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain."

In the evening she said, "I am very weak. I find my best way is to rest on God now, and leave the next hour to him." To her sister she said, "I have been looking to Jesus, my Lord and my God. In him is all I want." Feb. 22d. Her sister going into the room, asked her how she felt herself: She replied, "I feel my body just the same. My mind has been kept from wandering this day. At times I feel a shrinking at the thoughts of death. At other times I feel a confidence, if the Lord were to take me, I should go to Heaven." Feb. 23d. After having been out of bed about three hours, she said, "This Scripture has been brought to my mind, and afforded me much comfort, "My flesh and my heart fail; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever." My flesh and my heart *do* fail. Sunday, Feb. 24th. On enquiring how she felt her mind, she replied, "I feel peace; and have been much comforted by several hymns which have been brought to my mind. When I learnt Mr. Wesley's hymns for children, I thought but little of them; but now I see they are excellent. I request, Father, that you will teach them to my brothers and sisters: you don't know what a blessing they may prove to them. When they experience what is expressed in those hymns, they will be children no longer, only in years and stature." She then repeated the following hymn, being the 9th. in the collection:

Father of mercies, shew what we by nature were,
 Children of wrath, and doom'd below, eternal pains to share;
 When Jesus Christ thy Son for helpless sinners died,
 That all who trust in him alone, may know thee pacified.

Wherefore, to Thee we cry, through thy beloved Son,
And fix on him our stedfast eye, who stands before thy
throne:

The good desires we feel, from thee we own they came,
And them, according to thy will, present in Jesu's name.
Our prayers to his unite, and as thy Son's receive,
And give, who ask in Jesu's right, to us the blessing give:
Whatever we thus desire, the suit of Jesus is;
Hear then, and raise thy glory higher, by our eternal bliss.

She often lamented, with tears, her proud haughty spirit, and would say, "I find it good to weep for my sins: I have been an undutiful child, but the Lord hath changed me by his grace." In conversation Feb. 25th. she said, "I can adopt the Poet's language,

"My God is reconcil'd, his pardoning voice I hear,
He owns me for his child, I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh, and boldly Abba, Father,
cry."

I observed, God hath led you on in the most gentle manner, bringing such consolations to your mind, as you immediately stood in need of: she replied, "I find it my wisdom to look on the bright side." Feb. 26th. On enquiring how she felt the state of her mind, she said, "I have peace. I have been thinking on those words of Dr. Watts, "Thanks to thy name for meaner things, but these are not my God."—"When we look to the Giver, it stamps a value on our mercies. To have God for our portion, crowns the whole: it is the presence of God that makes Heaven."—"I have been thinking on the method God made use of in bringing me to himself. I thought, I could not see my state bad enough. I wanted to feel my danger; and in order to this, I read the most alarming hymns—meditated much on death, and looked at the dreadful consequences of dying in my sins. I then recollected the experience of a woman, who feeling just as I did, and getting no comfort, she thought, "If I

die, I will die crying for mercy at the foot of the cross, and God will not reject me." This brought comfort and confidence. O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ—A greater victory than was ever obtained by Alexander." This day feeling her mind by a little accident somewhat discomposed, she afterwards remarked, "I felt impatient; but it is of no use to dwell upon it, I plead the atonement." In the Afternoon she said to Mrs. Treffry, "I told father this morning, I had obtained a greater victory than ever Alexander did; however I find, I have still enemies to fight with, but I look to the Lord Jesus, the captain of my salvation." On my saying, I did not think her dissolution was near, she said, "I wish to keep death in view, at furthest within a day or two." On my return from visiting a poor woman in the country just fourscore, on a sick bed, who on being asked the state of her mind, replied, "I am weak in body, but strong in faith; do not pray for my recovery; for I long to go that I may be with my Jesus," Peggy said, smiling, "See the power of faith. I feel my mind comfortable. I have been thinking on my mercies, and find it brings comfort, and strengthens my confidence in God. The Lord delivered me in the measles, the small-pox, the hooping-cough, the scarlet-fever, when thrown from a horse at different times.—And O what hath he done for my soul!" Feb. 28th. She was very low in the morning from the cough. At noon, on enquiring how she was, she replied, "I feel peace. I have been reading over Dr. Watts' Lyric Poems, and have learnt one." She often felt much comfort and benefit from reading and hearing Watts' Poems and Hymns; Wesley's Hymns; and the Holy Scriptures. March, 4th. After reading that fine hymn, Join all the glorious names, of

wisdom, love and power, &c. she dwelt with peculiar pleasure on that verse,

Now let my soul arise, and tread the tempter down:
My Captain leads me forth to conquest and a crown;
A feeble saint shall win the day, tho' death and hell
obstruct the way.

A friend, Richard Hocking, being present, when he was about to leave her, she said, "In a little time we shall meet to part no more. O what do I feel? From the time of my departure it will seem but as a moment, until I welcome Richard, my Father, Mrs. Tieffry, and my Friends, to the blissful shore.

Two young women coming to see her, she gave to each a Christian's Pattern, in which her name was written, and requested that they would read a chapter every day; observing, "You may take up this book, and, seeing my name, may think, Peggy Pearse is in eternity, and I shall soon follow. Am I ready? If the Lord should call me this day, am I prepared? Have I a hope of Heaven? She was as young as I am, and as likely to live; she is gone, and I must soon follow. Have I complied with her request? Have I read a chapter in this little book every day? Do I read the Scriptures? Do I pray in secret?" On expecting three of her respectable neighbours, who were coming to see her for the first time, she felt herself overcome with weakness, and thought she should not be able to speak. But lifting up her heart to God, she thought, if it be the Lord's will, I shall speak for him, he will give me strength." And she afterwards observed, "According to my faith so it was. I felt wonderfully supported. It was not I, it was the Lord that enabled me." Thus strengthened, she said to her Friends, "Nothing but the Lord can support us in affliction, and nothing but an interest in Christ

can satisfy the soul in the near view of death. It is an awful thing to put off repentance until a death-bed. I find it is as much as I can support under this weak body. How many souls have been lost by procrastination. This is the thief of time. It is said in the 55th. chapter of Isaiah, "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found; call ye upon him while he is near." It can be but a few years, before the most healthy will be in their graves. The being reproached as singular here, will be as nothing when put against the joys of Heaven." This leading her to speak on the subject of eternity, she quoted Mr. Addison's remark, "Suppose there was a mass of sand, the size of our globe, and it was to be reduced one single grain in a thousand years; the age necessary to complete its total reduction, would be as nothing when compared with eternity." She added, "I feel the consolations of divine grace are my support. People are apt to look on Religion as a melancholy thing, but it is far otherwise. The joy which the christian feels, is utterly unknown to the world. There is no joy equal to the being enabled to address God as our reconciled Father in and through Jesus Christ. There is nothing in the world that can give real satisfaction to the soul. Those things in which we sought pleasure while in health, appear as vanity on a sick-bed. The soul is immortal; it was created for the enjoyment of God; and until it centers in him, it cannot be happy." One observing "there is no happiness here." She replied, "No, except in religion, a few days since, while Richard Hocking was in prayer, the prospect of our so soon meeting in Heaven almost overcame me. I could hardly refrain from breaking out in praise and thanksgiving." In the course of this conversation, she also observed, "Nothing we have done, or can do, can merit the favour of God. Nothing but that great atonement made by the

Lord Jesus Christ can avail. This is the foundation on which I build my hope of Heaven." One observed, this is a great thing, Peggy. She answered, "Yes, the Angels desire to look into it."—"Father has given me some books to present to whom I please. Since I have been ill, I have given away many. If each of you will accept one, my request is that you will read a chapter every day: they are short chapters but excellent. My advice to all who come to see me, is, to read the scriptures: this is a duty much neglected." To one present, who had a family, she said, "My father used to give me a half-penny for every hymn which I learnt out of Mr. Wesley's Hymns for Children; and I have found they have been of great use to me since my illness.*

Being very weak one evening, she took my hand and drew me near her, leaned her head against mine, and said, "What encouragement have you to restrain your children, and to pray for them—The proudest, the most haughty, the most dissipated brought to God." Her views of herself were very humiliating; and she would frequently say, when mention was made of the change wrought on her, "It is all of the Lord, it is all of grace." The promises of God were often brought to her mind, and she was enabled to stay her soul upon them. She prized God's Word highly, and could say with the Psalmist, "*Thy Testimonies are my delight, I will never forget thy Precepts, for with them thou hast quickened me.*" The Lord gave her a tender conscience: she was sensible of the least quickness

* Sitting by the fire one evening, with my children around me, I told them, I would furnish each of them with a Bible, and give a half-crown to each for reading as far as Psalms, another for proceeding as far as the New Testament, and a third upon getting through the whole Bible. Peggy read, and was paid three half-crowns. What an encouragement for parents, to induce their children to read the Word of God, the Scriptures being such a source of comfort and consolation to her.

of temper, and would acknowledge it with the simplicity of a little child. On my return from class-meeting one evening, I said, you smile, Peggy. "Yes," she replied, "I believe I shall smile in death. I often view my corpse with pleasure, and rejoice when I hear the Bell ring, thinking that when the Bell rings for me, I shall be landed safe." At another time she said, "I have been thinking on death. I must enter into the River all at once; the shining Ones are waiting to help me out, on the other side." She was comforted on recollecting an Anecdote of a Scotch Divine, who, when on his death-bed, being visited by a pious friend, and asked the state of his mind, replied, I see Death near, and Christ looking over Death's shoulder, saying to him, "Deal gently, and do not hurt my servant. Take one pin out now; and another by and bye. For this Tabernac'le must be raised up again." At times she was tempted to doubt the reality of her experience, but on recollecting what God had done for her, and wrought in her, and renewing her application to the Friend of Sinners, her confidence increased.

March, 29th. I told her the Physician was in town, and might call to see her. She replied, "No matter, I have a better Physician both for soul and body." On enquiring how she was, she said, "I prayed that I might sleep with God, and awake with him. This morning these words were brought to my mind, "And one of the Elders said unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white Robes, and whence came they? And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said unto me, these are they that came out of great Tribulation, and have washed their Robes, and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the Throne of God." Rev. vii. chap. 13th and 14th. verses. The next morning she awoke with these words,

"Lift your eyes of faith, and see saints and angels join'd in
 one,
 What a glorious company stand before yon dazzling throne?"

A few mornings after, on enquiring how she felt herself, she answered, "I am very weak. I awoke this morning with these words, This corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. And, If ye being evil know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is Heaven, give good things to them that ask him?" Another time, when she was too weak to speak, she wrote with her pencil, "I shall not continue long. I have a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better." A few days after, she desired me to read that hymn, Ah! lovely appearance of death, &c. After hearing it, she said,

"O what are all my sufferings here, if Lord thou count me
 meet
 With that enraptur'd Host to appear, and worship at thy
 feet!"

May, 3d. Being very low, she requested that I might be called. She whispered, "I feel Christ precious. I used to have a dread on seeing death near, but now I can say in the confidence of faith, O death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory? The world is nothing to me. Every time I hear the clock strike, I think, I am an hour nearer Heaven." May, 6th. Drawing me to her, she said, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and though worms destroy this body, yet with mine eyes I shall see God for myself. O what love!—The God of Eternity dying for rebellious man. My soul the second death defies. Father, I have a strong confidence that you will never leave God,

and that God will never leave you. I shall soon welcome you to Heaven. Cast your burthen upon the Lord. Do not look forward to grand-children; you will soon be in another world. O what do I feel! I love all the world. I long to see Jesus: I do see him by faith. I shall be as an Angel of Light. O the great atonement made on the Cross! This is all, I know it is: this is the foundation of my hope; this is the rock on which I build:—and it shall never fail.” Her love to Christ, in whom, thus believing, she rejoiced with joy unspeakable, was variously expressed. And frequently in the following language,

“ Adam, our Head, our Father fell,
And Justice doom’d our race to hell:
The fiery law speaks all despair,
There’s no reprove nor pardon there.
But, O th’ unutterable Grace!
Th’ eternal Son takes Adam’s place;
Down to our world the Saviour flies,
Stretches his naked arms, and dies.
Justice was pleas’d to bruise the God,
And pay its wrongs with heavenly blood;
Infinite racks and pangs he bore,
He rose. The Law could ask no more.
Amazing work! Look down ye skies,
Wonder and gaze with all your eyes;
Ye heavenly Thrones, stoop from above,
And bow to this mysterious Love.
See, how they bend! See how they look!
Long they had read th’ eternal Book,
And studied dark decrees in vain;
The Cross and Calvary make them plain.
Now they are struck with deep amaze,
Each with his wings conceals his face;
Now, clap their sounding plumes, and cry,
“ THE WISDOM OF THE DEITY.”
Low they adore the incarnate Son,
And sing the glories he has won;
Sing how he broke our iron chains,

How deep he sunk, how high he reigns,
 Triumph and reign, victorious Lord,
 By all thy flaming Hosts ador'd ;
 And say, dear Conqueror, say, how long,
 E'er I shall rise and join their song.
 Send down a chariot from above,
 With fiery wheels, and pav'd with love ;
 Raise me beyond the etherial blue,
 To sing and love as Angels do."

At other times, the ardour of her soul, on contemplating the blissful employments of the inhabitants of Heaven, constrained her to break out thus :

" Now let me rise, and join their song, and be an Angel too ;
 My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue, here's joyful work
 for you.

I would begin the music here, and so my soul should rise :
 O for some heavenly notes to bear my spirit to the skies !
 There ye, that love my Saviour, sit, there I would fain have
 place,

Amongst your thrones, or at your feet, so I might see his
 face."

May, 7th. She wrote,

" When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
 The word of his Grace shall bear me safe through ;
 Not fearing nor doubting with Christ on my side,
 I hope to die shouting, the Lord will provide."

The next day she said, " I used to dread the thoughts of death. Had I died last summer, I should have gone to Hell. I can now with Moses go up to the top of Pisgah, and view the promised land." May, 18th. On going by her chamber, she called me, and taking me by the hand, said, " These light afflictions which are but for a moment, work out for me a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Though so reduced, that we were ready to conclude every day would be her last, yet it pleas-

ed God to detain her in this frail tabernacle several weeks longer. But when her heart and her flesh were failing, the Lord was her strength. The fruits of holiness were conspicuous in all her conduct. She was enabled to bear a testimony for God, to the comfort and edification of many. As her release from mortality approached, her confidence was abundantly strengthened. Aug. 8th. On feeling rather worse than usual, she requested that her brothers and sisters might be called; on their coming to her, she advised them to read the Scriptures, and remember their Creator in the days of their youth. The next day, being very weak, she said to me "I feel composed. I do not feel any anxiety. Yesterday, when I was taken so ill, suddenly, these words were brought to my mind, When I walk through the valley and shadow of death, I will fear no evil: For thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." Aug. 13. For several hours we expected her immediate dissolution. On reviving a little, she smiled, and said, "I shall go to Heaven. Come, Lord Jesus! I see my friends waiting to welcome me on my arrival." Here she mentioned the names of several whom she had known, who had died in the Lord. The next morning being harrassed by temptations, I told her, she must expect that Satan would try her as long as she was here, and reminded her of God's goodness in enabling her to resist the Devil. She observed, Ignorance got into the ferry-boat of vain-hope, but he had no passport." I observed, you have your passport in your bosom. She then pointing to a New Testament that lay on the bed, answered, "There is my passport." She was much and often refreshed by hearing Dr. Watts's "Death and Heaven," read to her. The employments of happy spirits afforded her sweet consolation. She looked forward with delight to the day, when she should be admitted to the company of the saints in glory.

In anticipating this, the following Hymn was greatly blest to her.

Deathless principle, arise,
 Soar, thou native of the skies,
 Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
 To his glorious likeness wrought,
 Go to shine before his Throne.
 Deck his mediatorial Crown;
 Go, his triumph to adorn,
 Made for God, to God return.
 Lo, he beckons from the sky,
 Fearless to his presence fly;
 Thine the merit of his Blood,
 Thine the Righteousness of God.
 Angels joyfully attend,
 Hovering round thy pillow bend,
 Wait to catch the signal given,
 And escort thee quick to Heaven.
 Is thy earthly house distress?
 Willing to return her Guest?
 'Tis not thou, but she must die,
 Fly, celestial tenant, fly.
 Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay,
 Sweetly breathe thyself away,
 Singing to thy crown remove,
 Swift of wing, and fired with love.
 Shudder not to pass the stream;
 Venture all thy care on him,
 Him, whose dying Love and Power
 Still'd its tossings, hush'd its roar.
 Safe is the expanded wave,
 Gentle as summer's eye;
 Trust to that propitious gale,
 Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail.
 Saints in Glory perfect made,
 Wait thy passage through the shade;
 Ardent for thy coming o'er,
 See, they throng the blissful shore.
 Mount, their transports to improve,
 Join the blessed choir above,

Swiftly to their joy be given,
 Kindle higher joy in Heaven.
 Such the prospects that arise
 To the dying christian's eyes ;
 Such the glorious view which Faith
 Opens through the vale of death.

August, 15th. She wrote, in allusion to what I had been observing to her two days before, " The Ship is winding safe into Harbour." She continued to grow weaker, and her pain increased. Death approached her fast, but the Great Conqueror of death was her support. She could trust in him ; knowing that when this earthly house of her tabernacle was dissolved, she should be received to a house of God, not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens. August, 19th. About four in the Afternoon, this hope was realized, and she entered into that rest which remaineth for the people of God ; where, as she often expressed herself, she will hear St. Paul explain his own Epistles, and spend an eternity with the adorable Author of her Redemption ; in whose presence there is fulness of joy, and at whose right-hand are pleasures for evermore.

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